

Bastards and Monsters by CeruleanHeart

Series: [You and me and the Devil makes three \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Billy's tough. He's pretty damn strong too, Steve knows that all too well. But it's not until he sees him take off the head of a demogorgon with a single swing of an axe, that he learns to appreciate it. A lot.

Oneshot/Drabble for a post I made on tumblr.

Bastards and Monsters

Author's Note:

My lovely friend requested a fic. So here's a small something, I guess?

I really just wanted to write about Steve and Billy being badass together but it might grow into a larger fic, lets see.

Steve couldn't hear anything, except for a constant ringing in his ears that drowned out all the other noises, caused by the explosion of the propane tank in the school cafeteria.

But he could feel. Feel the smooth linoleum of the flooring on his cheek, feel the debris raining on his back, the pain in his shoulder from when the shockwave had hauled him against the wall.

He could smell too. Smell the smoke that filled his lungs with every breath, the burning plastic and the sweet tangy scent of roasted flesh.

And he could see. See the shapes on the floor in front of him in the flickering light of the fluorescent lamp dangling from the ceiling. They were unmoving, five demdogs, dead, reduced to heaps of cooling meat.

There was another shape further down the room, lying in the doorway. A body with a red shirt, tossed to the ground like a fallen leaf. Billy Hargrove's body.

A part of Steve as he struggled to lift his head hoped he was dead. It was his fault after all that they both had been caught in the explosion meant for the demodogs. When he had barged in, slamming the doors open, yelling Max's name he had set off the trap way too early. Steve's hopes however were crushed, when he saw Billy move one arm and roll to the side. He was a tough motherfucker after all, but Steve already knew that, didn't he?

He looked over to where the kids had taken shelter behind a number of overturned tables and saw Dustin's curly head popping up. His

mouth was open wide, like he was shouting and he pointed at something. Steve squinted so he could read the words from his lips. The neon lamps were going wild, blinking on and off like strobe lights.

BEHIND YOU, Dustin's lips formed BEHIND YOU

Steve's body moved on its own, his survival instinct kicking in, activating his muscles to push him up despite the pain and the dizziness and spin him around right in time to see a claw tear through the wall.

It missed him by an inch and Steve stumbled backwards, kicking up rubble and dust, until the back of his heels connected with one of the demodog corpses and he fell again. But his eyes never left the wall and the creature that was tearing its way through it.

Only in his darkest nightmares had Steve ever considered the possibility that there might be more than one Demogorgon.

The maw of the monster, as it fully stepped into the cafeteria, quivered and opened like the petals of a terrifying flower from hell. It was that exact moment when Steve realized that he didn't have his bat, that it was somewhere, lost among the rubble. That Jane wasn't here because she was busy finding and closing the several rifts in time and space that had opened all over Hawkins. That there was no back-up because **they** were the back-up. They were the distraction. And they were utterly fucked.

Steve looked around and found one of the long broken tubes from the ceiling lights. Maybe it wouldn't do much against the Demogorgon but at least it had sharp jagged edges and Steve wasn't going down without a fight. With a bit of luck he could keep the damn thing busy for long enough to give the kids a chance to escape. He grabbed it right in time before the monster started moving and came at him.

It was 10 steps away. Steve scrambled to his knees and tightened his grip on the glass tube. 5 steps. He brought it up to swing it like he would his bat. 2 steps.

A bottle hit the Demogorgon in the head and was followed by a

frying pan. The monster stopped and turned around. On the other side of the room the kids were waving their arms and jumping up and down, yelling so loud Steve could hear them over the ringing in his ears.

They were trying to distract the beast, putting their own lives on the line instead of saving themselves. It was courageous and stupid and Steve loved them so he couldn't allow this.

"NO!" he shouted and felt his own voice vibrate in his head "RUN! Run, run, run!"

And then he jumped to his feet and smashed the tube against the torso of the Demogorgon.

Glass chips were flying everywhere and the sharp ends cut deep into the monster's skin. The thing howled in pain and swung a claw at Steve. He dropped to his knees again to dodge the blow, then he rammed the glass stump that was left of the tube into the creature's abdomen.

From the corner of his eyes he could see the kids sprint to the emergency exit on the far end of the cafeteria. Lucas and Mike were dragging Dustin, who was struggling, kicking and yelling, his head turned back to look at Steve, on one arm each and out of the room.

Steve almost paid with his life for the split second he was distracted as both claws of the monster closed over him. He threw himself down on his belly and rolled to the side but the sharp talons grazed him on one shoulder, cutting into his shirt and splitting skin underneath.

The cuts burned like acid and Steve screamed in pain. He was on his back now, lying on the ground hurt and helpless, beneath the Demogorgon. There was no doubt the monster knew of his defeat and it drew itself up to its full height, towering over the defenseless boy, throwing its head back in a final howl before it would launch its last attack.

This is it. Steve thought *This is how I die.* But at least the kids got away, at least they would honor his sacrifice. At least Steve had been good for something, in the end. He stared at the endless rows of teeth

with one last surge of defiance bracing himself for that final moment when they would close around his head.

But it never came. Instead a silver arch appeared in midair, beautiful like a mirage, cutting through the Demogorgon's neck. And like a spell from one of the kids' games it stopped time for a second and everything went still.

There was no more ringing in Steve's ears as he watched the movements of the monster freeze. Only silence as he saw its head wobble and fall off to one side. And behind the sprays of blood shooting from the Demogorgon's severed neck, Billy Hargrove appeared as the beast's body crumpled and collapsed on the floor.

Billy Hargrove, with a fire axe in his hands, the muscles on his arms bulging, his chest heaving, his hair in disarray matted with blood, framing his head like the red halo of an angry god.

Billy Hargrove had come to Steve's rescue, he had taken off the head of the Demogorgon with a single swing of that axe. Like the goddamn callous bastard that he was.

They stayed like this for a moment, frozen in time and silence, until Billy stretched out one hand and Steve took it. This time, Billy pulled him up to his feet and close with so much strength, Steve almost slammed into him.

"What do I keep telling you?" Billy panted, their faces so close Steve could feel his ragged breath on his face "About planting your feet?"

Steve was at a loss for words and just stared at him, wide eyed with the absurdity of the situation but then Billy's frown turned upside down, into a grin and he started laughing.

He laughed and laughed, loud and bellowing and Steve couldn't contain himself anymore so he started laughing as well until his sides hurt and tears were falling from the corners of his eyes. And he held Billy's hand the entire time, like a lifeline, not wanting to let go. And the other boy let him.

It was almost bizarre. Steve had always known Billy was tough, that

he was pretty damn strong too. He'd known it all too well. But never in his entire life would he have thought that he'd come to appreciate it like that. Seriously. Never.

--- The End?---